

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Continued from First Page.

ance of culture and refinement, and seem to take interest in their duties.

THE PAVILION AND FEVER TENT.

A large pavilion is erected outside the hospital, immediately upon the water's edge, and this, together with several smaller tents, is devoted exclusively to patients suffering from fever, in order that they may receive the benefit of the greatest amount of air. They are occupied by comparatively few patients at present, but at certain seasons of the year are completely filled.

THE PENITENTIARY.

Next adjoining the Hospital grounds is that portion of the narrow island devoted to the Penitentiary. This is an enormous building, the exterior of which is as familiar as the dome of St. Peter's to the eye. One wing and the main building are devoted to male convicts, and the remaining wing to females.

There are at present within the walls of the prison 207 of the former, and 200 of the latter. Before the war, the male convicts outnumbered the females about two to one, but the respective numbers during the year have been nearly equal. Mr. Birdall, the prison-keeper, is of the opinion that the men will soon again vindicate their prerogatives as lords of creation by monopolizing the greater portion of this hotel. As a general thing, too, he prefers to receive men instead of women, who are far more difficult to manage.

The interior of the different wings presents the same aspect—an immense corridor, with the grated windows of the prison walls on one hand, and doors of cells on the other, in wearisome and painful monotony. There are four tiers of cells, numbering 736 in all—406 for males and 230 for females.

THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The female convicts were taking their evening meal—consisting of a tin pan full of mush, with a little spot of molasses in the center of each—when we entered the dining-room. They were all attired in the prison uniform, which consists of a simple gown of white muslin, a fabric bearing a resemblance to gunny-bags. Many of them appeared overcome with shame, but the faces of the majority were an air of hardened depravity. The prison fare was decorated by nearly all with an appetite, occasionally with an appearance of relief. Prison discipline and the salt winds of the island are evidently wonderful appliances. One or two of the convicts, however, would make wry mouths over their fare, as they would eye the visitor with a contempt which was meant to be withering. They were evidently new-comers, to whom misery and solitary reflection had not yet imparted a philosophical resignation. No doubt some of them missed expensive, ornate and expensive fashions; it was a strange fall from ice-cream and nice wines and oranges to mush in a tin pan, with the solitary molasses spot in the center; but pretty lips should not pout at privations which reckless hearts and bold, bad natures had solicited through infancy and crime. A few of the prisoners were sad and silent, but on their humble pie in a thankful way, as if they recognized in the mixture before them a type of the black and white—the sin and purity of their past lives.

Three meals are provided for the prisoner in a day. The morning meal consists of bread and coffee; dinner is of soup, bread and fresh meat, except once a week when salt meat is substituted for fresh; supper is coffee and bread on one night and mush the next.

The women are employed during the day at sewing, or are sent out to do cleaning work at the various institutions on the island. Last year 2,000 prisoners were employed in making cigars, but that branch of industry is relinquished at present.

THE MALE DEPARTMENT.

As we entered the male department of the prison the air was thickened with snatches of ribald songs, the vaulted roof was ringing with oaths, laughter and unseemly jests, but a rough "Enough of that!" from the keeper caused a general cessation. The sounds alluded to were from certain cells in which certain incorrigible offenders had been confined during the entire day. They had been endeavoring to soothe the rigors of their confinement with music, merriment and profanity. Mr. Emerson's "popular recognition of a Deity" is very generally to be met with in the penitentiary, to judge from the character of most of the oaths which saluted our ears. The vengeance of Jehovah was personally invoked upon numerous eyes and hearts, and our Savior was earnestly solicited to do many things not in strict accordance with the Sermon on the Mount.

Of the dozen or so of prisoners thus confined, nearly all had a juvenile appearance. One of them was sitting close to the cell door in order to catch the last gleam of the fading daylight upon a Beadle's Dime Novel, in which he was studiously immersed. Another was playing jack-rabbits, two were trying to mend their shoes, and the rest were probably meditating escapes.

A number of the male prisoners are employed in carpentry, blacksmith and shoemaking shops, but the majority work at quarrying and farming on this island. Their summer uniform consists of coarse cotton jackets and trousers of blue and white stripes. Their food is the same as that received by the females.

In refractory oaths the same punishment is applied to both sexes—dark cell, with bread-and-water diet. We were assured by the keeper that this treatment generally "brings around" the worst cases. Some can hold out for two days, but at the third they generally promise amendment and beg to be released. One young hooly, a Thompsonist, was thought to be incorrigibly bad. She remained stubbornly in a dark cell for a whole week, swearing that the bread-and-water diet was the best fare she ever tasted, and remaining invariably defiant with an energy worthy of a better cause. But as the second week dragged on through the gloom of her loneliness—cell more like a living tomb than anything else—a change came over the spirit of her dream, and she became humble, begged for quarter and was released.

Immediately upon the massive iron-grated door, which opens into the male prison, is the following text:

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

It is largely, obscurely, blackly painted there. He who runs may read, and he who enters there for the first time to moribund as well as perished.

The prisoners are awakened at six o'clock in the morning, get their hair, face, and go to work at seven. They quit work at 5:45 p. m., and, after eating their evening meal, are marched off to their cells, where they remain all night.

THE PRISON GROUNDS.

The grounds attached to the Penitentiary are laid out handsomely, and are kept scrupulously neat and clean. There are a number of frame buildings on the eastern side of the yard. Over a tool-house, which adjoins the hay-pen, the following text is printed:

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.

But the dothful shall be under tribute.

The handsome residence of Mr. Joseph Keene, the Warden of the Penitentiary, stands very near the stone wall which separates the grounds of the prison from those of which

THE ALMS HOUSE.

are about 40 acres in extent, and occupies those of any other department on the island for elegance. The vegetable gardens and cornfields are laid out with mathematical exactness, and the crops thrive wonderfully in the bright sunshine and wholesome air which seems to love the long, beautiful island with a familiar warmth and freshness. Cool delicious arbors and diluvial groves are to be met on every hand, and as you pass through the broad, symmetrical, box-bordered walks, and through the beds of lovely and fragrant flowers, to the house of the warden, Mr. N. P. Anderson, it is difficult to realize that you are on a spot devoted to penal servitude and the paupers' home.

This department contains a greater number of buildings than any other, and is probably more difficult to manage successfully. The Alms-House proper comprises two buildings, of rough stone, three stories in height, with a porch for each story running the entire length of the buildings, one of which is exclusively

THE MALE DEPARTMENT.

Here, looking in the sunlight at the open doors and

along the steps of the porches, are to be seen the many old men, battered and broken, who go to fill the Alms-house of the metropolis. Some of them are mere remnants of men. Legless men, armless men and—of aught of reason in many cases—headless men, the halt, the lame and the blind, they move about in a placid, imbecile way, hopeless wrecks on the ocean of life and fast going to places on the coast of eternity. Many of them must long and pray for that last, long home.

There are at present 599 men in the Alms-House. The first story is devoted to the blind and cripples, who, in many instances are unable to do any work. The second floor is occupied by those inmates who are able to perform some kind of labor. One wing of the third floor is devoted to hospital purposes, and the other for papers who are enabled to go up and down the stairs. They receive nearly the same treatment. The mechanics, who do regular work, receive most every day, except Friday, when mush is substituted. Every inmate receives three meals a day. Those who do no work receive meat four times a week. The regular meals consist of vegetable soup, fresh beef and bread.

We stood at the door of the Alms-House dining-room. Three hundred thin, filled with excellent vegetable soup, were placed upon five or six long, pine tables, with a wooden stool at each place. The soup must have been excellent and nutritious, to judge by the fragrant steam which impregnated the atmosphere of the apartment. Beside each pan was placed a large slice of good, soft, wheat bread, and at two or three of the tables there was an addition of meat, this side being occupied by the paupers who do daily work of one kind or another. The repeated clasp of a large bell is the signal, and from all quarters the men bulk up and fall into line. The line is put in motion, and the head of the column enters the room. Falstaff's shirtless and disabled youths were able-bodied and in the last year of youth, as compared with the Alms-House battalion. On crutches, on canes (the cane is universal—all have canes), on wooden legs and almost on hands and knees, come the warriors to attack their meals—limping, hobbling, limping, creeping, groping, they come.

The event is one of the three which break the weary monotony of their dreary lives, and they seem to enjoy it wonderfully. They seem to love and respect the Warden, take what they get gratefully, and lounge about the grounds, unthinking or unknowing of the flight of time. Their bridge of time is so brief that it may seem but a step with them from the prison-house of the present to the immortal liberty of the great Beyond. And if it is mostly a bridge of Sighs, regret for the past must be mingled with hope for the future, and the lingering looks which they cast behind must be immersed in the longing ones they throw to the opposite side. There is something sadly beautiful in these old men, wrecks as they are, their lives but failures, friends and alone, coming to spend the last remnant of their broken days among the sweet flowers and cool groves in the pleasant sunshine and soft breezes of their island home—their last rest on earth before their weary limbs are laid in the narrow chamber of the tomb.

Those who can work at all are employed in various ways. Weaving has been recently introduced, at the suggestion of Mr. Anderson, and is now carried on to a considerable extent. All the blankets that are used on the entire island are made here. An excellent gray cloth is made of wool and cotton combined, and in sufficient quantity to make clothing for all the inmates of the Alms-House Department.

Those who are, or who have been, mechanics, make all the tin-ware and do all the carpentering and shoe-making for the entire department.

All the brooms that are used on the island are made by the blind inmates of this Department, who usually live and take their meals apart from the other inmates.

THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The building devoted to this department is the same size as the one we have just described, and very similar in appearance. The first floor is occupied by old women, too decrepit to go up stairs. The second floor is occupied by old ladies, a little livelier, able to work in the sewing-room. On this floor are also given out the little orphan children to be taken care of. The third floor is appropriated to those inmates who are even more infirm.

As with the male department, by far the largest portion of the inmates are very aged persons—old women from 60 to 80 years of age, but upon whose wrinkled features misery has wrought more deeply than age. Fully half of them are imbecile. When a question is put to them, they sit down quietly, take up the hem of their white aprons and settle themselves down for about a fortnight of earnest consideration of the nature of your inquiry, and at the end of that time probably forget that any answer is necessary. Other inmates are young women, who are totally imbecile, and regard everything with a vacant stare. In scrutinizing the faces of the old women, it is with difficulty that one realizes that these old women have passed through the bright warm lifetime in whose passionate whirl we see the young and the blithe and fair of the present day. Yet they have known it all. They, also, have been young and beautiful. They, also, have enjoyed the hey-day of youth—the faults and follies and glittering minutes of amusement and suffering. In every wrinkle of their dried and bloodless features is written and mapped the earnings of old passion, the sparkle of old smiles and the channels of old tears. They stormily or placidly bowed from brightness into gloom, and the tide of their beings is now ebbing to the Infinite, with the slow ground swells which are all that are left of the storms and whirlwinds and foamy enjoyments of the past, but with the grand pulsations of creation's soul forever throbbing under as the tide sweeps on.

THE BARRACKS.

The babies are quite a feature of the Alms-House. The orphaned ones which are sent from the city are placed in the charge of old ladies, who delight in taking care of them. The upper floor of the building is occupied by mothers, who are expected to take care of one child in addition to their own. Each orphan child is allotted a quart of milk a day, with crackers and farina. When a woman is taking care of two children—one of them her own—the ration just mentioned is given to the orphan, while she has apportioned to her, for her own child, a pint of milk only—since it has the additional nourishment afforded by her breast.

There are at present about 150 babies in the establishment. They are kept there until they reach the age of two years, when they are sent to Randall's Island. As a general rule they are sickly when first brought to the Alms-House, but soon fatten up under the treatment which they receive. Many of them are adopted by childless ladies; and while very few in the department had a lady came from New York, and selected a little orphan, which she adopted for her own.

THE "LUNACY" DEPARTMENT.

This is the name applied to two wooden structures, the inmates of which are from the Lunatic Asylum, whence they have been sent as cured, partially cured, or hopelessly and harmlessly imbecile. They are all females, and have the freedom of a large room. The number of those pronounced "cured" must be very few. All but the appearance of painful insanity, or scarcely less painful imbecility. They were of all colors and races. There was one girl—an octogenarian from Alabama, who, it is rumored, was the daughter and slave of a wealthy member of the "chivalry." This pious individual "fell in love with her." He gratified his gentlemanly instinct by alternately debauching and whipping her, drove her mad, and, disappointed his high-toned wife by sending her North to the Asylum on Blackwell's Island. She is now a gibbering idiot, wanders up and down with an everlasting and horrible smile upon her once beautiful features, wants to shake hands with you every few minutes, and is very earnest in her requests that "you won't hurt her." She has evidently received as much "hitting" as usually falls to the lot of a single mortal.

There are several other colored girls, mostly mad-ists. There are three German women who look as if they had, at some out of Hell unscathed, and there is one driving head of an Irish girl, with short red hair which she is ever trying to twist into a curl; a huge, grinning mouth, and an expression of combined cunning, malice and horror which would haunt the pillow of a sleeping saint.

These people, however, seem to have the best possible

care taken of them. The main object of the "Lunacy" Department is to afford the prisoners a change of surroundings, and we learn that it has proved a success.

THE OFFICES AND CHAPEL.

Another building—a handsome one of stone—is taken up by the offices of the department, the store and the chapel. The latter is a large and appropriate apartment, occupying the entire upper portion of the building. In that portion used as the store are kept provisions and clothes. All the departments on the island make their requisitions upon this office, through the storekeeper, Mr. John E. Flagler. Two large frame storehouses are located on the dock near by, and are most kept full of supplies.

THE WORKHOUSE.

This establishment adjoins the Alms-House. The grounds are ample and gracefully laid out. The building itself, with the exception of the Lunatic Asylum, is the most imposing on the island. It is about 650 feet in length, and consists of two wings, with a square main building in the center. Yet, upon entering at one extremity, a view is afforded of the entire length of the building, through one long corridor.

Mr. John Fitch, the Superintendent, informed us that at present there are 197 males and 61 females confined in the establishment. They are committed to the city for offenses less grave than those confined in the Penitentiary—usually for getting drunk, disorderly conduct, &c., but they are all classified by the name of vagrants. The females are by far the most numerous. They are sent to the Workhouse for so many days or months, or in default of an amount of bail which there is no probability they will ever be able to pay. Some of them are very old offenders. Many have been committed to the Workhouse thirty, fifty and seventy-five times, and there are several who have been there over one hundred times.

To take one of the worst cases, Jane Wilson has been coming and going for the last twenty years. She has probably been sent here two hundred times. Jane is a queer fish. About fifty years of age, she looks seventy, and crime and debauchery are stamped so deeply in her wretched face that the impression must have gone through into the forehead of her soul, which will appear with its branding infamy before the Judgment-seat of the all-Father. Jane is committed for, say two months. She meets old friends in the prison. Yet she invariably protests that she is perfectly innocent—spoke as snow—guiltless as a newborn babe. This is merely Jane's way of telling facts, and every one understands it. So Jane goes back to her old quarters—makes hoop-skirts, mends pantaloons or scrubs floors, and eats her prison-fare contentedly. Yet during all this time, Jane has one ambition in life, one only—to get back to New York. She counts the hours that intervene between her and liberty. When, at last, the longed-for moment arrives, she departs for the city. She knows very well the first step of liberty, since she has taken it repeatedly for years, so she is not now backward in taking it. That step is to take a drink—the liquor usually being warranted to kill at 150 yards. The next step is to get drunk, and this follows as naturally as rolling off a log. Jane wakes up in a precinct station-house, stops a while in the Tombs, and then reappears again at the "Workhouse" with that dear familiar face of hers, and that everlasting story of spurious innocence on her charming lips. And this is the routine of Jane Wilson's life. Although the Workhouse may do many people a great deal of good, it evidently does Jane harm; for, if it had let her alone, she would probably have quietly drifted into the infinite on a stream of rot-gut whisky long ago, whereas she is now a continual expense to the municipal authorities, beside being a standing nuisance to the community at large. In respect to women of this class, the Workhouse seems to be a failure.

The women are employed at different kinds of work. Some are sent down to the hospital to scrub floors, clean paint, etc.; others are employed upon contracts for hoop-skirts, and in mending the clothes of the children on Randall's Island. Fifty-three are constantly employed at Bellevue Hospital, seventy at Randall's Island, nine at Ward's Island, and three at the Lunatic Asylum. A large number were at work in the hoop-skirt department. Many of them had attained a surprising skill in the business, which would probably insure them a decent subsistence in the city. Some of these women were mere girls, dirty, ragged and wretched, but fairly featured and evidently capable under better circumstances, of being useful members of society. They are usually the product of the Cow Bay, Five Points and other impure and pernicious influences. As a general thing, the females sent here are utterly incorrigible. They return to the city, and either find their way back to the workhouse or drift away to a worse place.

THE MALE DEPARTMENT.

Many of the male prisoners are employed grading the ground at the Lunatic Asylum and upon other portions of the island; but the greater portion of them are broken-down men, who have ruined themselves by liquor before they came to the Workhouse. Drunkenness and disorderly conduct are the main offenses. Ten days is the usual term of imprisonment. Another set of prisoners are sent up for grave offenses, such as carrying concealed weapons, or attempting to use them against officers. They are generally committed in default of \$1,000 bail, and are more rigorously treated than the other prisoners. They are not transferred to any other department, for the purpose of putting them to work, but are kept in the Workhouse, and watched very closely.

A certain number of the men are employed in making and repairing shoes. They manufacture all the shoes used in the establishment, and repair all the shoes for the children of Randall's Island, as well as make the greater proportion of their clothing. The Workhouse grounds are very handsome and well attended to. All the work that is done upon them is performed by the inmates of the institution, and vegetables more than sufficient for the prison consumption are raised.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The Lunatic Asylum is a noble structure, with two wings, the whole forming two sides of a rectangle, and an octagonal building in the center, at the junction of the two wings. It is located very near the northern extremity of the island, a fine view being obtained from the upper windows over the widening waters of East River, with its many islands and blooming banks. Dr. R. L. Parsons is the resident physician. The number of patients undergoing treatment at the present time comprises 195 males and 457 females. They frequently arrive at the rate of three or four a day—16 having arrived last week—and are not discharged quite so rapidly as they come.

Some of the men are employed in the garden, and all the vegetables that are used on the place are raised by the patients. In most asylums, the number of men exceeds the number of women confined. Here the converse of the rule is apparent. It is accounted for by the fact that the causes of insanity bear more heavily upon women than upon men. The women who are patients at the Asylum are generally of the poorer classes; they sit at home, confined to a narrow range of thoughts, while the men have more liberty and freer access to the world. A very large proportion of the insane are foreigners, and most of these are females. Dr. Parsons ascribes this fact, in a measure, to the sickness, the strange and exciting surroundings of a new country upon women of feeble minds. And the main cause of insanity among women. Alcoholism is another common cause, both with women and men. Intemperate persons become insane either from the immediate effects of a single "spree," or from long-continued use of alcohol; though Dr. Parsons is of the opinion that the latter is the more frequent cause of insanity. Veneral causes are also frequent.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. PRESIDENT DECHAMAN.

In going through the Female Department with Mr. Lee, one of the officials, he introduced us to an elderly woman, who said that she was the wife of President Buchanan, and asked us if we belonged to Lincoln. We answered in the negative, saying that we belonged to the New York Tribune. "The editor is Pompey the Great, isn't he?" asked the old lady earnestly.

"No," he left the management some years ago, and the paper is now ably conducted by other parties."

"Does the Tribune belong to Lincoln?"

"No, it belongs to Universal Freedom."

"Who does Lincoln belong to?"

We answered devoutly that, to the best of our judgment, he belonged to death and immortality, and then, being told by the old lady that we were not of any account, we modestly acquiesced and passed on.

The party who attracted our attention was a good-looking young woman, who sat upon a high stool, with a tragic air, and informed us that she was Queen Elizabeth of England. She said that there was a great mistake in the people calling her good Queen Bess, that she was nothing of the kind; she acknowledged a liking for her friend, calling him dear Raleigh, but said that her whole life was embittered by the poignant remembrance of the death of Essex.

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KING RAMSES THE GREAT.

Seated upon a unique throne, in the center of one of the upper wards, was an old man, sallow-checked, with a peaked reddish beard, who said that he was Ramses the Great, the founder of Egypt. He was debating about erecting a monster pyramid at Cairo, Illinois, and was confident that most of our public men were nothing more than Egyptian mummies, which had come to life to meet the exigency of the present day, when they would voluntarily retire to their olden catacombs. Ramses had a way of mixing up things historically and chronologically, but we saluted his pastebord crown with reverence, and passed on.

We saw many other patients, representing many phases of insanity, but not materially differing from the view presented by the interior of other asylums. We were considerably surprised, after going through the asylum, to discover that our pilot was also a "patient," and considered insane for some reason or other.

THE LODGE.

Here are two subordinate buildings, one of which is called the Lodge. Here are confined the worst cases of insanity, both males and females. The present occupants are 41 men and 109 women, though the building was not designed for so many. The patients confined here are regarded either as incurables, or who can only recover by being kept entirely apart from other patients. When they become sufficiently quiet, or their dispositions are well enough understood, they are removed to the main buildings. Many of the patients at present confined in the Lodge (or Mad House) are very violent, and to witness their ravings is a scene of horror and wretchedness which may be better imagined than described.

THE REFRIGERATOR.

This is the appellation of another building which was erected for the purpose of relieving the main asylum of some of its quieter and better disposed patients. Most of the occupants are regarded as incurables, but are harmless and imbecile.

GENERAL REMARKS.

About 50 per cent of the whole number admitted into the Asylum are cured. The capacity of the Asylum is supposed to be for 300 patients. There are 650 patients under treatment at the present time, and consequently the Asylum is inconveniently crowded.

There were three attempts at suicide during the present year. One, a female, attempted to drown herself by jumping into the river, and two males by cutting their throats. In one case the operation of tracheotomy was successfully performed, thereby saving the man's life.

PORT MAXLEY.

The upper extremity of Blackwell's Island is a fortification, built expressly for the defense of the Asylum, and by the hand of a single man. Thomas Maxey has been an inmate of the Asylum for about twenty-five years. His harmless and good nature have long since acquired for him a considerable share of liberty, which he has employed, during the last five years, in erecting a fortification at the uppermost extremity of the island. In many respects this is a very remarkable work. It is reached by an elevated causeway of earth, about two feet broad and four feet high, forming a strong, secure and ungraceful access through a salt water marsh, for the distance of about 300 yards, to a little promontory on which the fort is built. Midway the causeway is covered by a stone gateway, of no imaginable architectural style, but with a Gothic top, the whole formed by a multitude of stones of every size and color, every side and angle being as rough as the bed of a torrent, but with a certain method in its madness which grows upon the mind of the gazer.

Passing through the gateway, you continue along the causeway for about one hundred and fifty yards, and enter the fort. This is an earthenwork, enclosing a space of several square rods, with a strong house in the center and the rest of the space thickly grown with potatoes and sunflowers. The walls of the fort are about three feet thick at the base and two at the top, and they are crowned by four guns, which would appear truly formidable if they were not made of wood, and stained with many a crack and split from wind and weather.

Robinson Crusoe would probably recognize the house for his own, or at least he would pronounce it after the most approved Juan Fernandez style. It is about five feet high and ten feet square, with glass all around, and the roof rudely covered with a thick thatch of straw and weeds.

While we were wonderfully observing these things, the owner of the unique establishment made his appearance. He is evidently Irish, a little above the medium height and was dressed in brown pantaloons and shirt sleeves, with his head covered by a woman's white silk bonnet, which he wore in the manner of a helmet. He said that this covering was only worn by himself as the commandant of the fort. We won his esteem by admiring everything we saw, and gained his heart by making him a present of a ten-cent postage stamp. He became very communicative, and told us everything he knew, but in language more original than intelligible. He displayed the interior of his house with pride and gloze, and directed our attention to the word "COMMUNICATION," which was on a sign board above his door. This, he seemed to think, possessed some mystical meaning, but we could not make it out. Mr. Maxey is a very singular man, and his Fort Maxey is one of the most interesting objects to be met with on this interesting island.

OUR STREETS.

The Street Sweepers' Strike—Meeting of the Cartmen and Sweepers' Association Last Evening—Racy Speeches—Mayor Gunther and Frank Boole Denounced—Miss Meeting to be Called for Monday Afternoon.

The meeting of the Cartmen and Laborers' Association last evening, at No. 76 Prince-st., though inferior in numbers to some of the others, was by far the most interesting and spicy they have yet held.

The President, JOHN LYNN, called the meeting to order. He said he was sorry that more of the members were not present, but supposed that it was because they had received their back pay. That was a good thing, he thought, but he was not at all satisfied with everything being better than it did when they commenced. He was informed from good sources that the Mayor would soon take the matters in hand; that he had been 14 days since the contractors had come into power, and during that time they had not done one thing to help them. He declared them to deny his statement, and name one single street. The citizens' wardens the streets clean, this was their only object now, but let the streets once get cleaned, and they would see whose fault it was they had been idly. To make matters worse, they (the contractors) would be paid for two weeks' work which they had not done. If this money was paid them, it was a gross fraud on the tax-payers. In relation to a paragraph which had appeared in the Herald's report of the previous meeting, which stated that he had said certain Commissioners received \$5,000 a year to let the contractors alone, he pronounced it false. He never said it. [A voice: "You said you could prove it."] He would give \$25,000 to any one who could prove it. Mayor Gunther would be the next Peace candidate for Mayor, Frank Boole would be the War candidate, and neither would be elected. Mayor Gunther, however, Frank Boole accused the Mayor.

Lewis FROOME, ex-President of the Dry Goods Clerks' Association, was the next speaker. He said he had not intended to make a speech, but he had come here to advise them to stick up for their rights, to

stand firm, to be true to their God, their country, their families and the community. He could assure them that they had the sympathy of not only the people, but of every working man. They were fighting a monstrous

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PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS

TREATED AND CURED

WITH UNVARYING SUCCESS,

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE, BY

ROBERT S. NEWTON, M. D.,

No. 22 EAST EIGHTEENTH-ST.

BETWEEN BROADWAY AND FIFTH-AVE., NEW-YORK.

HEMORRHOIDS.

This affection is quite common, and is very difficult to cure,

and is generally divided into two species: blind internal

piles, and bleeding or external piles. Those who are seriously

afflicted with the disease suffer beyond description. The dis-

ease generally increases until the tumors begin to bleed. This

hemorrhage may be slight, or it may be profuse.

The disease is generally brought on by constipation of the

bowels, and generally affects persons of sedentary habits,

specially ever have we noticed this disease in a person of active

habits.

CASES TREATED.

Wm. H., aged 40 years, had suffered from blind piles for

many years. Often he had bled quite freely, so much so that he

often lost as much as a teaspoonful. He was cured in eight

days, and since he has remained perfectly cured. He writes to

Mr. P., aged 47, had been afflicted with bleeding piles for six

years. His disease had increased to such a degree that he was

unable to sit down, and he was in great pain. He was cured in

two weeks, and since he has remained perfectly cured. He writes to

Mr. C., aged thirty. She had been treated by several physi-

cians for different kinds of cancer. Some treated her for long